

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

New Philadelphia, February 22, 1844.

VOL. 5, NO. 8, WHOLE NO. 214.

"Where Liberty Dwells there is my Country."—Cicero.

POETRY.

For the Ohio Democrat. TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

"In this I fondly hoped to clasp,
A friend whom death alone could sever."

I.

When at eve and all nature is silent and still,
Save the soft rippling voice of a swift purring rill;
When the heavens are lit with rich tokens of truth,
Then do I think of thee, oh! friend of my youth—
Then do I mourn for the pleasures of yore
And weep when I find they'll meet me no more,
For time that hath gone will never return,
To cheer the poor heart that's desolated—alone.

II.

"Oh friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!"
As I think on the past it calls forth a tear—
It awakens a feeling that's dead to all strife,
And turns with disgust from the follies of life—
How often it points to the spot we delighted to rove,
On the green mossy banks that skirted the grove,
Where contented and happy long we've played
Under the thick cluster'd vine in the soft cooling shade.

III.

Oh on the wild wing of fancy thy image I view,
And struggle in vain to embrace it anew—
But alas! far from thee an exile I roam,
A companion of sorrow and a stranger at home—
No more do I mingle in the gay thoughtless throng,
Or listen with joy to the soft chanting song;
But in some dark spot of solitude alone can I find,
A ray of sweet hope to enliven my mind.

B. F. D.

New Philadelphia, O.

From the Citizen Soldier.

JESUS THE DEMOCRAT.

BY GEO. LIPPAARD, ESQ.

The golden sunlight was streaming through the lofty windows of the city church, where the magnificent columns supported the galleries, where the emblems of holy texts shone in letters of gold, high over the marble pulpit and golden altar, while the faces of the dense multitude occupying the seats of the Church, were disclosed in the flaring day-beams, varied by contending expressions as the eloquent words of the Preacher rung thro' the sacred halls.

The Preacher—ah me, he was a fine and healthy looking man of God, clad in the coat of shining black with the white cravat encircling his neck, revealing a face, full round and plump in outline, marked by the glare of two eyes, that now fired with the warmth of devotional feeling, and now glared with just indignation as the terrors of the law were heaped upon the head of the guilty sinner.

Listening to the burning words of the Preacher, seated in a cushioned pew near the altar, a worthy citizen exhibited a striking and picturesque appearance. With a form, round and extensive in proportion, clad in the most glossy broad cloth, the worthy brother Zebulon Branwell, presented to the full glare of the afternoon sun, a face round as the full moon, red and florid as the essence of the best brandy might give it color, while his large eyes vacant as Bank promises, rolled wearily to and fro, as with his huge sensual lips dropped apart he listened to the words of the Priest.

Every ear drank in the burning words of the Preacher, the mass of faces extending all along the galleries were all interest and attention, while the crowd seated in the lordly pews beneath, brilliant with gay costumes, and glittering with fashionable attire, seemed to have but one soul and that was enthralled by the rapt eloquence of the man of God.

He spoke of the life of Jesus. He raised his hands with an impassioned gesture and pointed to the motto, glittering above the pulpit—
"He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

He painted the destitution of the man of Calvary, his poverty, his heritage of scorn. And as the Preacher gave forth the words of his enthusiasm to the air, he glanced over his rich and lordly congregation and exclaimed with a burst of feeling—
"Who—who was the Man-God, Jesus, Jesus? Was he rich, was he proud, was he mighty? no—no—he dwelt not in the halls of the proud, but shared the crust of bread with the poor man in his hut. He was found in the dens of misery, tenements of vice, the habitations of crime, ever intent, day and night upon the great object of his mission, never swerving from the lofty purposes of his soul. Pined the sick within the lonely chamber—Jesus was there! Did the felon, gnash his teeth within the doomed cell, shaking his chains in impotent rage as he beheld the light of his last day, streaming thro' the grated casement; Jesus was there! Me thinks I see him, I see him now! Yes, yes my brethren his unsundered feet torn with the jagged points of the road-side flint, his dress, all tattered and faded, covered with the dust of the chariots of the proud, his matted beard mingling with his waving hair his God-like face obscured by the wrinkles of grief, and the mark of cancering care, I see him, I see Jesus speeding along the highway of Judea, traversing the sands of the desert, passing thro' the wilds of Samaria, speaking comfort to the poor, health to the sick, hope to the desolate; life to the dead."

A tear stood in the eye of Brother Zebulon; a murmur ran thro' the congregation.

The door of the Church gave on its polished hinges, and the creaking sound ran thro' the church with a subdued echo. Every face was turned to discover the cause of the sound, and every eye beheld a stranger walking slowly along the richly carpeted aisle.

Tall and erect in stature, the stranger seemed bending with the touch of premature age, deep wrinkles leamed his countenance, and his hair all tangled and matted fell waving to his shoulders, mingling with the curling locks of his dark brown beard. He was clad in coarse apparel, and the dust of the highway whitened the folds of his dingy brown cloak. Coarse shoes all worn and torn by weary travel, but half defended his feet, and his extended hand so fair, so delicate, so woman-like in its outline grasped a pike-staff, which guided his tottering steps along the aisle.

Poor was the stranger, soiled by the dust of travel,

clad in coarse attire, his hair and beard all tangled and matted, his face seamed by premature wrinkles, yet there was a strange expression in his eye, and a calm sublimity of resolution on his broad forehead.

Poor, weary, and neglected, Brother Zebulon the well-fed and complacent Christian beheld the stranger stride slowly along the aisle.

Was there a few door opened at his coming? Did fair forms arise did kind hands woo the stranger to the cushioned seat, did smiling faces greet him with looks of sympathy and compassion?

I trow not.
He cast his deep unfathomable eye from side to side he looked upon the soft face of yonder beauty, with a glance of silent entreaty but the fair one turned away and the travel-worn stranger strode steadily toward the Altar.

Slim-waisted exquisite, long faced Bank Director, the Saint with his smiling visage and the Sinner with his self-satisfied look, all turned away and still the stranger strolled wearily on. He neared the Altar, he reached the pew-door of Brother Zebulon.

Zebulon turned and gazed upon the stranger and then turned hastily away. He was so poor, his cloak was so ragged, his entire appearance so destitute, that Zebulon would not think of asking him the repose of a cushioned seat, and yet there was something in the eye of that strange man that sent a thrill of unknown feeling to the heart of Zebulon the man of God.

The stranger spoke not, asked not, did not even beckon for the repose of a seat. But his toil worn face, his dust-covered garments, his look of fatigue and suffering, all spoke for him, in silent voices, more impressive than the thunder shout of the million.

The stranger strode wearily toward the Altar. A round-shouldered Bank Director, who had driven a thousand orphans to suicide and murdered his ten thousand in the paltry subterfuge of reckless speculation, beheld the stranger approach, and refused him a seat in his lordly pew.

"Poor devil! How weary he looks!" hissed a fair-faced Exquisite, whose victim lay in Ronaldson's graveyard, or in the desecrating room—"sorry for him but I can't give him a seat!"

"Let him go to the poor-bench!" muttered a puffy-faced Editor, whose History was written in the secret records of a Court for Felons—"I really wonder how such creatures have the assurance to stride into such a Church without leave of license!"

Still the stranger moved slowly on toward the Altar. "How affecting the Preacher grows!" whispered a calm-visaged man of God—"Indeed the life of our Saviour must have been very sad, extremely sad—I can hardly keep my eyes clear—indeed!"

Still the stranger strode wearily on. He reached the Altar, he passed within the gate, he flung his toil-worn form upon the pulpit steps.

Another creak of the door, and again every face was turned and every eye beheld the new comer.

"Ah, me, what a handsome man!" whispered a fair damsel, "such fine bones, such superb pants, such a coat, such whiskers and such hair! And what a grace too—what an air—God bless me pa; do open the pew door!"

And as the handsome man of the World came striding along the aisle, with an even and measured gait, every pew door flew open, old men arose, fair hands beckoned the Dandy to a seat, and mild voices greeted him with courtesy and complaisance.

He passed along with the easy assurance of a man of the World, the neglected all the offers of politeness; and at last stood before the pew-door of brother Zebulon Branwell.

"Oh—my dear sir; excuse me; pray, ah, indeed—do me the honor to take a seat!"

"Do me the honor!" cried the Editor rising hastily in his pew, with a last letter from his victim protruding from his pocket—"Oh! sir, please be seated!"

"A seat sir!" cried the calm faced man of God—"Please be seated!"

"Oh—ah, you do me honor; p-o-s-itively—" hissed the Dandy twirling his eye glass and arranging his mustache—"I rather think I'll set down with the worthy old fellow here!"

Rather shocked at the gentleman's familiar style of "O sight most lovely, oh spectacle most sublime!" cried the florid-faced Minister raising his hands on high. "The friend of the poor, the comforter of the distressed, the hope of the desolate, the life of the dead, by what name shall we style him, by what name shall we know this mighty being, the Saviour of men? Look upon him as he rises before your mental eye, look upon him standing calm and erect amid the filth and squalor of some poor man's hut, look upon him in his tattered robes his soiled apparel, yet with the might of God-head on his brow, look upon him and view his outstretched hand scattering blessings on the poor; and then think of his name—Jesus the friend of the People!"

Jesus the Democrat.

Stirred by the enthusiasm of the Preacher, Zebulon turned partly aside, to note its effect upon his companion when lo! a strange spectacle meets his vision. The smiling man of the world is gazing calmly upon the preacher, his arms are folded, and his legs crossed but, he wears but one fashionable boot; the other is supplied by a cloven hoof, and there laid along the velvet cushioning, staring brother Zebulon in the face, a grim black coil, coiled up like a snake, with a forked prong at the end, waves whiskingly to and fro.

"The devil!" muttered Brother Zebulon scared out of his usual serenity of mind.

"The same Sir—happy to receive your commands!" was the smiling response and the air grew wonderfully pregnant with brimstone.

"Such being the view of his blessed mission on earth, rung out the loud voice of the Preacher—"Who is there in all this crowded, this Christian Church, that would fail to greet the blessed one with praises and hosannas, should he appear on earth; nay, is there one in all this sanctified throng, that would not fail to welcome the Saviour, should he appear stalking along yonder aisle, poor, weary and forsaken, dust on his garments, toil on his brow, is there one that would not fall prostrate before him, kissing his feet, and bathing his pathway with tears?"

A hushed murmur ran thro' the church, and every heart was impressed with the burning words of the Preacher.

of feeling for his head drooped low, and he veiled his face in his hands.

In an instant Brother Zebulon beheld the stranger rise, he beheld him rushing up the pulpit steps, he saw him confront the sick-preacher, whose oily face turned pale with sudden fear, he beheld him snatch the Bible from his grasp, and then a wild murmur, spread like lightning thro' the Church.

The face of the stranger was changing to a face of beaming light, a calm smile stole over his lip, the wrinkles vanished from his cheek and brow, and the might of Godhead looked forth from the desecrated pulpit. Down fell the tattered robe, down fell the torn apparel! The stranger was clad in garments of light! And then a strange and solemn pause, ensued.

Zebulon, the good brother Zebulon turned to gaze upon his companion, and lo! he beheld him sinking slowly thro' the floor, surrounded by a cloud of smoke, his eye glass raised, a calm smile playing on his lip, while he whisked his forked tail to and fro, and shouted with a loud ha—ha—ha.

"A merry good e'en to ye gentle Christians! Oh ye brave followers of Jesus; sweet Nazarenes of the nineteenth century! Your Lord whom ye profess to love, whom ye do love so well, can't tottering along your aisle; and ye knew him not! I came—ha, ha, ha, ye knew me—'A merry good e'en to ye gentle Christians!' In wonder and with a feeling of awe gathering around his heart; Zebulon gazed upon the pulpit, yet once again.

There stood the cowering preacher, hiding his round oily face in his hands, and there rising calmly on waves of golden air, the halo shining over his radiant face, the bible in his hand, the stranger hovered for a moment over the scene and there with a calm smile vanished thro' the opening roof of the church.

Brother Zebulon passed his hands, hurriedly over his eyes; he gazed around! There was the gorgeous Church there were the crowded aisles, and then, calm and erect stood the preacher, no fear on his brow, all godliness centered in his visage.

"Brother Branwell—" whispered a Bank Director who occupied the next pew—"you missed the best of the sermon—you've been dreaming; a sad fault in church Brother Branwell!"

"Let us unite in praise," exclaimed the minister; "let us sing to the praise of God, in the hymn—
"Jesus our Saviour and our God—"

DRAGONS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—In the days of Bailie Nichol Jarvie's father, the office of deacon was esteemed no mean distinction. Two worthy incumbents, not far from the banks of the Ayr, happened to be invested with the above named dignity on the same day. The more youthful of them, flew home to tell his young wife what an important drop of the civic edifice he had been allowed to become; and searching the "but and the bin" in vain; ran out to the byre, where, meeting the cow, he could no longer contain his joy, but in the fullness of his heart clasped her round the neck, and it is even said kissed her, exclaimed, "Oh, Crummie, Crummie, ye're nae longer a common cow now—ye're the Deacon's cow!" The elder civic dignitary was a sedate, pious person, and felt rather "blate" in showing to his wife that he was uplifted about this world's honors. As he thought, however, it was too good a piece of news to allow he to remain any thing ignorant of, he lifted the latch of his own door, and stretching his head inwards, "Nelly!" said he, in a voice that made Nelly all ears and eyes, "Gif' anybody comes spierin' for the Deacon, I am just owre the gate at John Tamson's!"—[Ayr Advertiser.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.—There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold, without imbuing its influence. Upon such hallowed ground the foot of profanity dares not approach. Infidelity itself is silent and forbears its scoffings. And here woman displays not her weakness, but her strength of attachment which can never, to its full intensity, be realized. It is perennial, dependant upon no climate, no changes—out alike in storm and sunshine—it knows no shadow of turning. A father when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him; and as the last parting knell falls on his ear, he may say: "I go down to the grave of my son morning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tear is wiped from his eye, and if, when he turns from his fire-side, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the pregnancy of his grief, until at length it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth or hears its plaintive cries.

IMMORTALITY.—I cannot believe the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, for ever wander about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of the earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festivals, around the midnight faculties, for ever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth.—There is a respected where rainbow never fades, where the stars will bed out before us like isles that slumber on the ocean, and where beings that here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—It is a curious fact that Chancellor Livingston, our minister to the court of France, during the rule of Napoleon, was deaf—and General Armstrong, his successor, could not understand the French language. "The Americans," said Napoleon, "are a queer people; they first send me a deaf minister and then a dumb one."

OFFICIAL WRIT.—A postmaster writes, as follows:—Dear Sir:—The Courier addressed to N. O. Moore, of this place, is no more wanted. N. O. Moore being no more, his executors decline taking it any more.

THE AMERICANS.—"are a queer people; they first send me a deaf minister and then a dumb one."

HISTORY OF BRITAIN'S KINGS.

Those who look into this column for poetry and romance, love and love tales, can here read that which, even confined to truth, far exceeds the most graphic picture of romance which imagination can draw. It is a part of the New York Tribune's European Correspondence.

The most striking features of English socialism is—Beggary. Go where you will—rags and prayers for aid disgust your eye and arrest your steps. Yet the land is rich—aye, rich to surfeit. The wail of the starving men does sometimes arouse the wealthy middle class men—the gentleman and the nobleman. But few dare to look into the cause of Wo—few dare to disturb the mammoth social machinery—controlled as it is—

—and constructed as it has been—by the civil and ecclesiastical Devil Giants of Great Britain. With Lochell, they would find a solace in the veil:

"They would deaden their sight,

And hide with a mantle the phenomena of fright."

But the horrible cry still surges up—and they attempt to alleviate the present, by donations to the poor fund—erection of hospitals, &c. &c. A mad man once proposed to the Neapolitans to quench the fires of their volcano by steam hydraulics; verily these "better English classes" are but a little more sane than the lunatic. It is estimated, that last year, "over one million were relieved; and still misery abounded." Who will wonder at this dreadful state into which we see the masses plunged? Could anything else be expected, when we see a clergy pocketing millions; an army of pensioners eating the gilded bread of idleness—a police man [well paid] in fact, a soldier, nearly at every tenth door. Corn Laws which enormously tax the people's principal articles of food—the Queen rolling in state through the country for the purpose of obtaining from Parliament a grant ostensibly to cover her expenses to travel—but in reality a fund to relieve her from Bankruptcy!—thousands of acres lying idle, because it does not suit the aristocratic land owner to put them into cultivation—a system of employment which makes every large renter, freeholder, and manufacturer a perfect tyrant—an army whose bayonets glitter around the world, and to cap all, a national debt, contracted by the infernal Brunswick Dynasty, which is too great for any liquidation but that of the Republics! If England was not the most unhappy, the most hopeless country in the world, she would indeed be a standing miracle—a miracle showing how far the Devil could fight and still be obliged to succumb to Nature. As it is, the Bishops the Aristocracy (the Queen, poor thing, is but an expensive nobody) and the Devil have certainly gained the victory, whose wreath is wet with the blood of some millions of men, women and children either dead—or alive, and trying, occasionally, to catch a little of God's sweet, fresh air in this English Pandemonium festering and blazing and howling around me.

I caught a glimpse of Prince Albert and his wife as they rode through the main street of Leicester. The Prince is a gentleman, and rather handsome young man. He was plainly but elegantly dressed, and bowed quite gracefully to the crowds, which pressed around the state carriage. The Queen is a personage who if untitled, would never command the same observation. She is neither homely nor pretty. Her Majesty was also attired plainly. And the soldiers marched steadily and the noblemen's vehicles followed the Royal coach, and the people strained their eyes out of the sockets to see a Brunswick and a Coburg and the mob—God help them! gave some cheers that seemed to "stick in the throat." The fact is there was small enthusiasm. Majesty however made the most of it. There sat a monarch of England—the head of the most powerful, the most haughty, the most tyrannical, the most heartless, Aristocracy in the world.—My eye glanced back through the History of England; the Kings and Queens of olden times sat up for a moment in their tombs and bore witness to the beauty of the Divine Right. Ist; Egbert naming "England"—2d; Ethelwolf introducing tithes, 3d; Ethelbert & Ethelwald; the latter dying of profligacy; the former governing as well as King craft can; 4th; Ethelred, who prayed valourously while his soldiers fought; 5th; Alfred commonly called THE GREAT—6th; Edward, occupied mostly in quelling insurrections—7th; Athelstan, who did better as he built ships and opened warehouses; 8th; Edmund, stabbed by a robber and principally known by the manner of his death; 9th; Eadred, who employed Dunstan (renowned as the puller of the Devil's nose) to keep his worthless conscience; 10th; Edwy, who got into hot water for marrying his cousin whose beautiful face was burnt by an Arch-bishop to kill the monarch's love; 11th; Edgar, who ravished a nun and drove the wolves [animals] from England; 12th; Edward (the martyr) murdered by a domestic; 13th; Ethelred II., who bribed, instead of fighting, the Danes out of England. They however returned and chastised the royal rascal for his meanness; 14th; Canute, comparatively a God send; 15th; Harold Harefoot, a good racer and a black murderer; 16th; Hardecnut, who threw contempt on the body of his predecessor inasmuch as he had not been able to do so in his life time; 17th; Edward, the Confessor, who "first touched for the King's evil." All his successors have only made the disease worse; 18th; Harold, slain by William the Norman; 19th; William the 1st; we are told, that "his common practice was to cut off the hands and to put out the eyes of his enemies and then to disperse them through the country."—20th; William Rufus; so mean, that his body scarcely obtained sepulture; 21st; Henry 1st, died of a lamprey surfeit; 22d; Stephen and Matilda; S. was a traitor; M; suffered; 23d; Henry the 2d; murdered Becket and cursing himself and children; 24th; Richard 1st, chiefly known as making a Jackass of himself about the Crusades, Palestine, &c.—25th; John who granted Magna Charta, so much lauded by all Englishmen, when it was only particularly beneficial to the nobility; 26th; Henry the 3d; he granted the first Parliament; Edward the 1st; he murdered the Welsh Prince; 27th; Edward the 2d; so hateful that even his wife entered into a conspiracy against him and had him murdered; 28th; Edward the 3d; "I will levy taxes whenever I please," was his last sentence; 29th; Richard the 2d; His Mayor stabbed Wat Tyles and he was murdered by some Dukes; 30th; Henry the 4th, he courted popularity, because his title to the throne was suspicious; 31st; Henry the 5th, Prince Hal of Shakespeare; 32d; Henry the 6th; he burnt of Joan of Arc, because she had defeated his armies, as a witch; 33d; Edward the 4th; Generally supposed to have murdered Henry the sixth; thirty-fourth; murdered by the

Duke of Gloucester; 35th; Richard the 3d!!! 36th; Henry the 7th; Acknowledged that he had a fortune of 400 Henry the 8th; the Robber, the Adulterer and the Murderer; 39th; Edward the 6th, he permitted Joan of Kent to be burnt to death because she made an assertion which should only have been laughed at; 40th; "Bloody Queen Mary." 41st; Elizabeth the Virgin Queen—so called, perhaps derisively. She rewarded her favorites by granting them monopolies and piously ripped open the bowels of poor Irish Catholics; 42d; James the 1st; A classic King, but not a King classic; 43d; Charles the 1st; He was executed as a Traitor to his Country; 44th; Cromwell, King De Facto. Horrified at his own crimes he pretended to think that he could not go to Hell, as he had once been in a state of grace; 45th; Charles the 2d; He murdered several men and women because they refused to cry "God save the King!" 46th; James the 2d; Jeffrey was his Judge; 47th; William the 3d; and Mary; William was the Founder of Orangeism; 48th; Anne; During her reign the National Debt was raised to £54,000,000!!! 49th; George 1st; Notwithstanding that he possessed the power, he did not reduce the National Debt; 50th; George the 2d. He increased the National Debt by King-craft, while the people attempted to avenge the great by frequent commissions of the most horrible crimes. 51st; George the 3d. He lost America by tyranny; and added £733,770,955 to the National Debt; £3,000,000,000 were expended in his reign. He went mad. 52d; George the 4th. He spent thousands in attempting to prove his wife unfaithful, and was the biggest blackguard of his or any other age. 53d; William the 4th. He made an actress his mistress or wife, robbed her of her money and left her to die in want. He was not worse, owing to a lack of brains. 54th; Victoria the 1st, (probably the last.) She is still living and has already signalized her reign by a quasi homicide. But I leave others to form their own opinion of the lady Flora Hastings affair.

Such is a picture of King-craft. Is it not time for men and women to get rid of it? Yet there I still see Royal Castles—here I behold regiments of hired soldiers—around me I find some millions starving.

BE UP AND GO AHEAD.

"Then you have got the blues? Foolish man! What is it that troubles you?"

"I shall come to wail."

"No, you never will, so long as you have industrious habits."

"My friend has greatly prospered in his business."

"What of it? Don't envy his situation, but be content with your lot."

"But I feel dull and stupid."

"Rise early and drink the fresh air."

"We have so much foggy weather."

"Keep at work, and you won't think of the fog, but enjoy the sunshine more."

"You don't know how bad it is to be afflicted with the headache, and frequently I have pain in my side."

"So do I, but I keep at work, and it passes away. None are free from pain."

"I have a large family to support."

"Fiddlesticks! who has not that? Hasn't been a father these dozen years? So much more reason that you should be more diligent and active."

"I have no friends."

"And you never will have, till you leave off whining and look up and exert yourself. You do not deserve to have any friends while you pay so little attention to them. You appear like a shadow in the grave-yard, more than a human being living in the light and sunshine of Heaven. Talk, laugh, act, and you will have friends enough."

"Mr. — spoke against me, and his neighbor has slandered me."

"A snarl for their talking and slandering. If we attend to all that is said against us, we shall have nothing else to do. Live down their lies, if they be; and if truth go and do better in future. This is the only way."

"I don't think I shall live long."

"I trust you will not, if you eternally repine, for you are now but little better than a living corpse."

"Thousands are wasting the dream of existence in sorrow and doubt, full of fearful apprehensions and melancholy forebodings. Shame on them, when by studying the philosophy of life, they might become useful citizens ornaments to society, and blessings to the world. A drop of sorrow completely nnnerveth them. A reproach a harsh word, a suspicious look, puts them into a world of trouble. Shake off the blues, all ye; of little faith; be men—active preservers—and the shadows that overhang you will disperse, and the glorious sunshine of prosperity, life, and light, shine upon you."

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.—It is simply, when you rise in the morning, to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment, to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving;—trifles in themselves as light as air,—will do it; at least, for the twenty four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old; rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity.—Look at the result. You send one person—only one—happily through the day; that is; three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year—and suppose you live forty years, only after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple and is it not worth accomplishing? We do not often indulge in a moral deed—but this is so small a pill, one that needs no red currant jelly to disguise its flavor, and requires to be taken but once a day, that we feel warranted in prescribing it. It is most excellent for digestion, and a producer of pleasant slumber.—[London Atlas.

PUNCTUALITY.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with any difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts ruin credit; and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill, up which he cannot ascend.—Small debts, observed Dr. Johnson, are like small shots; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like a cannon, of loud noise and little danger. Ninety-nine out of a hundred will acknowledge the truth of the Doctor's observation.

GOOD ADVICE.—Seek not to penetrate the mysteries beyond. The brave man is master of his own fate, and baffles the opposing waves as they rise. Deal justly with your fellows; judge mildly of their errors; with your hands earn your bread, and the frowns of God shall alight on your brow. The evening of your days shall be calm, and the pleasant lights shall play and play about your grave.